



TO THE
Pious and Sacred Memory
Of Our Late Dread Sovereign,
MARY.
Queen of England, &c.
Who Died on INNOCENTS-Day, 1694.

Written by a Person of Quality.

LICENSED.

F *Alk Innocent!* She could no longer stay;
For, She was call'd, O! She was call'd away,
Up to the Mansions of *Perpetual Day!*
This *Gloomy Orb* of Earth could not be bright
Enough for Her fair Soul, where darksome Night
Affords us only Intervals of Light.

O! could that *Harmless Quire* no longer sing
Their *Hymns of Praise* to Heav'n's Eternal King,
Without her *Great Society*, to joyn
With *Them* in Consort to the *Mind* Divine.
Sing then, *Blest Babes*, sing on; Let ev'ry Throat
Of Yours, be tuneful now; Invent a Note
Beyond Heav'n's *Ela*, to receive her Soul;
The *Loveliest Queen* of all the *Starry Pole*.

And Thou, *Dear Saint*, who'rt gone (*too soon*) to see
The *Glorious Kingdom*, there prepar'd for Thee,
From the First Moment of Eternity;
Choose out some *Northern Seat*; let *Charles his Wain*,
By following Thee, more *Heav'nly Beauty* gain,
And be a *Constellation* of thy Train:
Looking from Thence, with an *Auspicious Eye*,
Upon the Land of thy *Nativity*;
Dispence the *Heav'nly Blessings* from Above,
On *Him*, whom Thou didst so *intirely* love:
Thy *Other Half*, which thou hast left below;
That, as his *Years*, so may His *Lanterns*, grow,
Until, disdaining *Humane Glories*, He
Leave *Earthly Crowns*, to Rule again with Thee.

At One Line Design

УЯАМ

Queen of the South

1984

RECEIVED

The best of all the saints,
 Beyond Heaven's bliss, to receive his soul;
 Of yours, beloved now; leave a trace
 Sing then, blest babes, lay on; let us
 With him in comfort to the Kingdom Divine
 Without his Great glory to join
 Their hymn of praise to His Eternal King
 O! could that hymn be here no longer sung
 Afford us only intervals of light.
 Enough for His saints, where darkness reigns
 This Gloom of Earth could not be bright
 Up to the Mansion of Perpetual Day!
 For we were called, O! she would say
 All the way, she could no longer stay.

And thou, dear Sam, who's gone (so far) to see
 The glorious Kingdom, there prepared to see
 From the first moment of eternity;
 Choose out some Northern town; let Charles be there;
 By following I see, more than by being gain;
 And be a confederate of thy train;
 Looking from thence, with an auspicious eye,
 Upon the land of thy Natives;
 Distance the slowly passing from above;
 On them, whom thou dost so warmly love;
 Thy Ober staff, which thou hast left below;
 That, as his tears, so may his Lament grow;
 Thus, disdaining human Glories, He
 Leave Earth's honors to Rulers again will see.

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